

knots all up in my chest

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knots all up in my chest

by [jbird181](#)

Summary

Dream's hands are broad enough to envelop his shoulders as he works at the knots there. He presses so hard it almost hurts, warmth flooding in when he moves to a different part of George's back. George tips his head back, sighing. Dream has always been affectionate, much to George's feigned chagrin, but this feels different, somehow. More intimate. He can't bring himself to stop it.

Or, George's back hurts, so Dream gives him a massage. George can't help but be vocal, and Dream's mind strays to less than innocent places.

Notes

Thank you for the fun request, Tordhub! This took me a tiny bit longer than anticipated, but I hope it was worth the wait. :)

Please remember to be chill and respectful of Dream and George, and to not shove the ship in their faces, everyone! I know they said they didn't mind, which is the only reason I felt comfortable writing this haha, but still. :)

Title is from [Will He by Joji](#).

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Let's go!” Dream whoops.

Chat flashes by excitedly, and George can barely read the messages of congratulations as they celebrate. “Oh my god,” he laughs. “Dream, you’re so loud, they heard you through my microphone.”

“No way, I’m on the other side of the house.”

“They’re saying they heard you.” George navigates his avatar around the map, unable to sit still as he waits for the final ceremony. “The downsides of living together I guess, sorry chat.” He’s suddenly teleported to the stage, and switches to F5 mode to see the crown on his avatar’s head. “Pog!”

The aftermath of the tournament is a whirlwind as they chat with their teammates and the flood of friends that pop into their voice call to congratulate them. Eventually, it dies down, and George deafens to end his stream. “That was amazing, I can’t believe we finally won MCC. Thank you all for tuning in.” With a final goodbye, he stops streaming and leans back in his chair with a sigh.

Dream pads in from the hallway, practically glowing. It’s either happiness or sweat, George can’t be sure. “Hello there, champion.”

“Oh hello, *champion*,” George giggles. “Finally.”

“That was fun.”

“Battle Box was so intense.”

Dream grins. “I’m hungry now, want dinner?”

“Sure,” George replies, arching his back in a stretch. “Ugh.”

“What?”

“My back hurts from carrying this team.”

Dream snorts. “No, your back hurts because you have a crappy chair.”

He rests his hands on George’s shoulders, squeezing. His thumbs dig into George’s shoulder blades, and George groans before his brain can catch up to what’s happening. “That feels nice.”

“Yeah, you seem to be enjoying yourself,” Dream teases, continuing to knead his shoulders.

“It was a groan! Not a moan.”

“I didn’t say it was a moan.”

“I hate you.” George wants to continue arguing, but Dream’s hands are broad enough to envelop his shoulders as he works at the knots there. He presses so hard it almost hurts, warmth flooding in when he moves to a different part of George’s back. He tips his head back, sighing. Dream has always been affectionate, much to George’s feigned chagrin, but this feels different, somehow. More intimate. He can’t bring himself to stop it.

“I can’t get your back if you’re sitting in this chair.”

George forces his eyes open, breathes in. “That’s fine, you don’t have to do any more.”

“No, just lie down.”

“Dream—”

“You always complain about your back hurting, so stop *whining* and let me do something about it,” he says jokingly, plausible deniability, but there’s a commanding edge to Dream’s voice that sends a wave of heat through his body.

George slowly gets up, walking the few steps to his bed as if in a trance. He sits down and looks at Dream, but his face is inscrutable.

“Lie down,” he repeats, pushing George’s chest lightly until he complies, flipping over. Dream pauses for a moment, considering. The weight of his gaze on George’s back is a tangible thing.

“Take off your shirt.”

“*What? Why?*”

“It’ll get in the way.”

“Okay, you’re the massage expert.” George sits up and tugs his shirt over his head, facing away from Dream as he tosses it on the floor and lies back down, resting his face on his forearms. He feels the bed shift as Dream gets on, creaking as he settles himself straddling George’s hips. The cool air feels nice on his skin as Dream starts working his hands down George’s back, and he can’t help but let out another quiet groan. Dream chuckles.

“You played really well today.”

George smiles into his elbow. “I know.”

“I mean it. You crushed To Get To the Other Side, and that last shot in Dodgebolt? Amazing.”

He’s suddenly glad his face is hidden, because he can feel it warming. “Thank you. You did good too.”

Dream smooths his hands over the planes of George’s back, setting nerves George didn’t know he had alight, his spine tingling. He digs his thumb into a stubborn knot below George’s shoulder blade, and the sudden pain makes him gasp. The knot gives way, and George melts into the mattress with an unintelligible noise.

“You’re so tense,” Dream murmurs, kneading his way down and back up George’s back. He smooths away another knot, and George can’t help but moan.

“Okay, you’re doing this on purpose,” Dream laughs, hands stilling on his shoulder blades.

“Doing what? I’m just laying here.”

“*Doing what?* You’re like moaning.”

George jerks his head up, glaring over his shoulder at Dream, face flushed. “I can’t help it, it just feels good. Massages are supposed to feel good!”

“There’s no way you don’t know how hot you sound.” Meeting Dream’s gaze is suddenly overwhelming, but he can’t look away. George is sure Dream can hear his heart racing. It’s all *he* can hear, blood rushing in his ears. Dream opens his mouth again, then shuts it, pushing his hair

out of his eyes in an annoyed gesture. “Come on.”

George’s heart stutters, the same stomach-dropping feeling as careening off a ledge in the nether into the inevitable lava popping down below. He disconnects and rejoins, disconnects and rejoins, fighting dread as he tries to save himself, save his items. There’s nothing he can do, and the realization is freeing, almost peaceful. At some point, you just have to let it happen.

Dream runs his thumb over George's jaw, and the flash of heat in his stomach makes George shiver. Flames lick his face as he sinks down into the simmering pool.

He lets it happen.

George pushes himself up, jostling Dream accidentally as he swivels around and kisses him. He tenses for a heart-stopping moment before hauling George closer with an arm around his shoulders, mouth softening as he kisses George back.

George slips his hands under Dream’s hoodie, tugging up until Dream pulls back long enough to pull it and his t-shirt over his head. He presses George back into the mattress, a solid, steady weight. It would be soothing if he wasn’t already so turned on.

Dream kisses his neck, hair tickling George’s jaw. George wraps his arms tightly around him, hips bucking in search of some much-needed friction. Dream slides a hand down his side without looking up from his neck, rubbing soothing circles on his hip. “George, can I— what do you want?”

George catches Dream’s face in his hands, dizzy with the possibilities. His throat is clogged with them. “I...” He shifts, legs parting to make more room for Dream, who presses closer as if pulled down by gravity. “I don’t know, what kind of question is that?”

Dream pulls his head back, slipping from George’s fingers. “George.”

“What? I want...you, obviously. I’m so fucking hard and I want you inside me right now.”

His heart pounds so loudly he can barely hear Dream say, “Okay.” His whole face lights up when he smiles like that, and George wants him so badly it hurts.

“Do you have lube?”

“Um yes, bedside drawer.” Dream leans forward, hovering over him, and George takes the opportunity to catch his breath. Lube in hand, Dream sinks back into his previous position kneeling between George’s legs. It’s dizzying to be the sole focus of his attention. He’s wearing the same expression as when he speedruns, tongue peeking out the corner of his mouth. George usually flops on Dream's bed while he plays, messing around on his phone while he keeps Dream company. Sapnap’s delayed reactions over TeamSpeak always make George laugh. He’s not laughing now.

Dream tugs at the waistband of George’s sweatpants. “Take, take these off,” he says, tripping over the words. He feels like a fish flopping as he wriggles out of his shorts, but Dream is gawking like he somehow finds it attractive. There’s no accounting for taste.

His hands flutter by his sides, and he grabs the sheets for something to do with them. The foot of space between them is insurmountable. “Well?”

Dream jolts into motion again, hurriedly squeezing a considerable amount of lube onto his fingers. “Sorry, you’re distracting.”

“Is that so? I’m *distracting*, Dream? How— *ungh*,” he’s preemptively cut off by the stretch of a finger breaching him.

Dream laughs, slowly moving it in and out. “What were you saying?”

“Fuck off.”

“I’d rather fuck you,” he honest-to-god smirks.

“Then do it, give me more.”

Dream looks incredulously at him, but adds another finger. It burns, making George inhale sharply, but after a moment, the pain dulls to an ache, submerged by pleasure. Dream moves slowly, pressing his fingers deeper on each stroke. It’s good: insanely, indescribably good, and George can’t help but cant his hips up, silently begging for more.

Dream does some sort of twisting motion that makes George go all shivery inside. He sits up halfway before crashing back down. “Oh fuck.” Dream laughs and kisses him, fucking him faster on his fingers. His eyes stand out brighter in contrast to his pink cheeks, and George’s hands skate over his sides. “*Dream*,” he breathes.

“Yes?” He looks up from kissing George’s neck again, amused.

George groans and covers his face.

“What do you want, baby?”

“Don’t make me say it *again*.”

He must look as desperate and fucked-out as he feels, thighs spread wide, cock leaking, because Dream just says, “Okay,” voice soothing. George listens to the crinkling of a condom wrapper, feels a hand on his hip, and lets Dream pull his hand away from his face. He laces their fingers together, resting their clasped hands on the sheets by George’s head. In response to George’s baffled look, he shrugs. The movement ripples down his arm, muscles flexing. “I like looking at you.”

George can’t help his nervous giggle, embarrassing as it is. “What the fuck?”

Dream smirks like he can see right through George’s act, like he knows the way the line made his stomach go all fluttery, and finally, finally, presses his cock to George’s hole. He breathes in sharply. Dream slides in slowly, lips parting as he chokes on his breath. “Fuck, George, you feel...” he trails off. George rolls his hips. “You feel amazing, holy shit.”

George laughs giddily, knotting a hand in Dream’s hair and pulling him down for a kiss. “Go on then.” Dream pulls back to thrust deep inside him. George clenches around him as he thrusts in again and again, thighs pressing into Dream’s hips. Everything goes a little hazy, filtered through waves of pleasure. Dream nudges up against a shivery spot inside him, and George cries out, arching his back.

“George, I’m, I’m,” Dream pants, hands on George’s hips as his pace becomes more erratic. He comes before he can finish the sentence, and the sensation of his cock pulsing inside him sends George over the edge too, squeezing Dream’s hand as he comes with a moan.

Dream quivers as he pulls out and collapses next to George, shaking the bed. They collect themselves next to each other, parallel lines, close but never touching. He can see Dream out of the

corner of his eye, splayed out beautifully on George's bed.

After a moment, he hears Dream take a deep breath before he asks, "Are you going to be weird about this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, don't ignore me and freak out by yourself and make things all complicated."

"Aren't they already complicated?" George shoots back, and the bitterness in his voice surprises himself.

"They don't have to be." Dream's quiet for a moment before adding, "This doesn't have to mean anything if you don't want it to."

George curls onto his side, facing away from Dream and steels himself. "That's the complicated part."

"What?"

"I... want it to."

"Wait, I'm confused."

"Keep up, idiot." His chest is getting tight, thoughts racing, and he closes his eyes to concentrate on breathing. Dream's hand is warm on his shoulder, and George turns toward him. He's barely opened his eyes when Dream kisses him, and he closes them again. His lips are soft against his own, his hand steady on the back of George's neck. The knot in his chest eases. When he pulls away, George's head is clearer.

Dream lays back, tucking George into his side. He slings an arm over his stomach, resting his head on Dream's chest. He can hear the rumble when Dream asks, "So what do you want this to mean?"

"I don't know, what do *you* want it to mean?" The answer is a hot potato, and if he holds onto it too long, it's going to burn him. Better to toss it away, make it Dream's responsibility.

Dream sighs, his arm tightening around George's shoulders. "I guess I want it to mean, you know, that nothing really changes. We're still best friends and live together, but also we fuck sometimes and you're my boyfriend."

"Yes."

"Yes?"

"Okay, we can be boyfriends or whatever. I want *that*, what you described."

"Okay," Dream repeats giddily, flipping over to squeeze George with both arms. "Okay, that works."

"Okay," George laughs, hugging him back. "Don't get all mushy on me."

Dream hums and presses a kiss to his collarbone. "Now that that's settled, can we get dinner?"

"Yes, I'm actually so hungry."

“Does your back feel better?”

George stretches as best he can with Dream on top of him, rolling his shoulders back. “Yes actually.”

Dream scoffs, breath tickling George’s neck. “*Actually*. I’ve heard orgasms are good for back pain.”

“*What?* Are they really?”

Dream laughs. “I don’t know. Next time your back hurts, we should try this again though. For science. See if we can replicate the results.

“Yes, for science,” George agrees. “Now, get off me,” he says playfully, nudging Dream off. “I want pizza.”

“You’re so demanding.”

George steals a kiss. “Yeah, yeah.”

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Please comment and let me know if you enjoyed! Validate me smile :)

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